Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

MY RIVER.

Did yeh ever own a river?
  Yeh kin bet yer life I did!
One that snuck f'm under kiver
  Of the cresses, an' 'at slid
Sassy like an' with a giggle
  Out ter where the sunshine fell
'Gainst a rock, then give a wriggle
  An' a gurgly sort o' yell
An' went down the rapids, tumblin'!
  An' a-th'owin' back each gleam!
Jest like solid sunshine crumblin'
  On the surface of a dream!
Then it laid in quiet puddles
  Where the cattle stood an' drank,
Then, the where the alders huddles,
  It jest snuggled to the bank,
In a pool plum deep an' darklin'
  Inter little gleams begat
By the sun a-leakin' sparklin'
  Thoo where maple leaves was at!

An' wherever it was goin'
  It went plungin' right along,
Never stoppin' but just th'owin'
  Backward in a sort o' song
All the story of its hopin',
  All of what its creek-hood knew,
Wide green medders gently slopin',
  Daisied banks all wet with dew!
An' high banks all fringed with clover
  An' low banks where willows swish,
An' where sycamores leans over
  There's a dandy place to fish!
An' it glidders inter hollows
  An' in rapids wet with spray,
An' in wide an' quiet shallows
  Where the cows wade out an' lay!
Do yeh wonder I git dreamin'
  Of the boyhood I have known,
An' a-longin' for the gleamin'
  Of that river all my own?
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Bird O' Paradise.

By Grace Mac Gowan Cooke.

MACE TALLENT turned his head painfully and looked through the one small window. He had been most unkindly placed, so that the effort to do this made his bonds cut into the flesh; but when your mortal foe has bound you hand and foot and left you in a blockaded still, while he goes down to "the settlement" to show himself, so that when he later murders you, with all sorts of recondite tortures, there may be an alibi ready prepared; when all this is the case, the difficulty you may have in looking through a two-by-three-foot window, and even the galling of bonds which threaten to break through the skin, are mere details in your menu of suffering.

It was intolerably hot in the little shack, even up there among the balsams, in the deep glen which held the illicit still, for before Fain Bushares left he had fastened the window down tight. Mace thought of Hester Bushares, Fain's sister, whom he had expected to marry this month. The cabin was done, the preacher bespoke, and they were to have wed, as the mountain phrase goes, at the next quarterly, now near at hand. He believed in his soul that this was the cause of Fain's rancor against him. The reason given by his tormentor when he made those bonds secure was that he, Mace, was a spy and informer, planning to lead the revenuers to Sutton's still, in which he now lay bound, awaiting his death. He had been brought to the place by a message purporting to come from Hester—suddenly he wondered if Hester was in the plot. He had thought he heard her voice as he neared the shack that morning—or had she perhaps been decoyed there in the same manner by a false message from himself? (They often met in this way, since the Bushares were opposed to the marriage).

Fain had said when he told Mace what fate awaited him that he would have Hester there to see her sweetheart killed—he had made no statement as to whether or no she would come willingly to the spectacle.

Mace imagined that he could hear in the solemn silence the noise of the crowd far below him at the settlement, where a celebration was going on. All at once he became aware that what he had taken for this sound was a swooping, scraping noise on the roof of the shack; and as he painfully strained his gaze toward the window a man's head appeared there, an arm reached down from above, and somebody called cheerfully, "Hullo! Air ye all dead in there?"

Mace smiled grimly to think how near this was the truth. Fain had not thought worth while to gag him, since, in that lonely place, he might have yelled himself hoarse and none been the wiser. "Naw," he called, "not adzactly dead—just snoozin'. Come in, stranger—how'd ye get on the roof?"

The new-comer finally made entrance through the window by prying it open with his clasp knife and dropping in from the eaves. He was a lean, dapper fellow, with a shrewd, kindly face. He looked Mace over curiously. "Usually sleep that way?" he queried finally.

"Not gin'rally," Mace answered him, "hit's a new plan I ben tryin' lately—and I don't like it. Ease me up a leetle, will ye, and we'll talk it over." He was still associating this man with Fain Bushares, still full of suspicion that this was a trick of Fain's to prolong his torture.

The new-comer skillfully unraveled the knots at Mace's wrists and Mace, sitting up, had leisure to observe how strangely his visitor was dressed. His hair was of a smooth drab, plastered down in a scallop upon his forehead like that of the typical country beau; its sleek oiliness had in a measure resisted even the disarranging effect of his hanging head downward and scrambling through the window. His collar, high, smooth and very white, suggested a strip of celluloid (probably it was of that variety); his tie was flamboyant; his black coat, somewhat worn and frayed, was a Prince Albert, and he wore it with a buff Marseilles vest. The seemliness of this attire terminated abruptly in what Mace at first took to be a pair of long, slim, bare legs, and what he now saw to be somewhat soiled fleshings.

The two men stared at each other; the peril of Tallent's position well nigh faded from his mind in the wonder of this apparition. "Wall, I'll be jiggered!" he ejaculated finally. "Is that the way you usually dress for company?"

The raking, swooping sound now once more attacked the roof. "My name's Hubbard," the visitor replied rather at random. "That's the Bird o' Paradise you hear on the roof. Got a good, sharp ax handy? I want to straighten out her riggin'."

Mace gaped upon him with fallen jaw. A man who wore stockings as long as that, and had tied a bird of paradise to the roof, was so crazy a happening that Tallent began to believe his wits were going, and that he had invented the whole matter.

Suddenly the window darkened, and a big, creamy curtain seemed to descend outside of it. "Lord a mighty! is the skies a-fallin'?" Mace roared.

Then, upon their ears burst most unmelodious howls, coming apparently from the roof above.

"Ez that your bird—a—your bird o' paradise?" Mace inquired.

Hubbard arose with great alacrity. "It's the preacher I brought with me. I forgot him. He's hitched in the ropes, and when the balloon careens it's likely to rake him over the shingles some. Get me that hatchet, will you? And would you please come and help me get him loose?" It was plain that whatever the oddity of Mace's predicament, it could extort but wavering attention from one whose own affairs were in such pressing disorder. A balloon. The matter began to unravel itself before Mace. To this mountain man there was nothing strange in having a prospective brother-in-law suddenly turn assassin; but the manner of this which began to present itself as deliverance, was indeed wildly absurd.

"Name's Hubbard, as I told you. Was making an ascent down there at Garyville. Balloon got away with me before I was ready—me and the preacher. We was to have brought up a couple with us and married 'em 'one thousand feet in air.'" He jerked out the sentences as the two men climbed to the roof.

The preacher, who was of the mountain variety, was not resigning himself to death without effort. He had his pocket knife out and was hacking valiantly at the ropes, whenever he could reach one. Hubbard sprang upon him almost savagely. "Hold on there, my dear sir," he remonstrated. "I'll cut the right ones."

"Any rope that's holdin' me is the right one to cut," the Reverend Zeb Pusey asserted with emphasis.

"Do you know Fain Bushares?" Mace inquired, abruptly, as the two men worked at the ropes.

"Haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance—but should be glad of the opportunity, if he's a friend o' yourn," returned the aeronaut, blandly, as he struggled with the big, bulging captive and its netting of ropes.

"Say, look here, is this thing a-goin' to rise up when we git her cut a-loose?" Mace inquired.

"Why, I think it will—I hope it will. My notion is to make the ascension from here, if the gear can be disentangled, and drop down in or near Garyville. That will satisfy the crowd, I hope, even if we haven't a couple to marry!"

A couple to marry! Ideas were coming fast to Mace; a plan so brilliant that it seemed too good to be true was instantly born in his brain.

"They's a couple here in this here shanty," he suggested, "that's mighty wishful to be wed, and likewise mighty wishful o' gettin' out o' these diggin's. Fain Bushares, the gent you said you hadn't met, is after the man, with a gun—the gal's Fain's sister. Fain, he's down to Garyville now. Ef so be you can take me and my gal down there—an' keep out o' rifle range—we'd be mighty proud to go."

Four people and the balloon somewhat damaged. Hubbard looked doubtful.

"If I could get some smoke—or hot air—say, 15 minutes filling up would make her sail like a bird."

"What's the matter with this?" Mace inquired, pointing to the great chimney of the still. I can make you a fire o' balsam chips in that there furnace downstairs that'll send out all the smoke you'll want."

The Reverend Zeb was on his feet now. "I don't go up in no more balloons to-day," he remarked, as he slid over the roof's edge. But his assertion proved to be an error. He was in a minority. Mace desired to be married; Hubbard was determined to give the crowd below at the settlement the spectacle for which their money had been paid; and he was outvoted, outfaced, over-persuaded—fairly hustled into more adventure.

After Hester Bushares had been found, fastened in a lower room of the stillhouse, the Bird of Paradise fed full of balsam smoke, the gear and rigging righted, four people settled themselves in the car and the great, egg-shaped, yellow monster, true to the bidding of her strangely attired master, rose majestically from the mountain top.

There was a light westerly breeze. Garyville nestles just to the east of Big Turkey Track mountain. Its tiny houses, like toy boxes; its race course, like a lamp mat, became visible almost immediately. There were moments of intense anxiety, when it seemed impossible that they should go near enough to be more than seen.

"Lord a' mighty!" groaned Mace in an agony of impatience. "Looks like this is the biggest fool contraption ever made by man. Ef a feller had a bit in its mouth, or a paddle to steer with, even—but to set up here an' let the wind blow ye—"

"Easy, my friend," counseled Hubbard. "Speak well o' the bridge that carries you safe over. The Bird o' Paradise, she's a-goin' like a dove to the ark. I believe you'd ruther be here than back in your recent quarters?"

Mace looked in Hester's eyes and agreed that he was an ungrateful dog.

Hubbard laid aside coat, vest, tie and what proved to be a false shirt front, commonly called a dickey, and appeared glorious in tarnished spangles about neck and breast.

Hester gazed upon him with wide, awe-filled eyes. It was the experience of a lifetime, something to tell to her children and grandchildren, to be so near a "showman." And the presence of Mace robbed it of all impropriety—that ever present bugbear of rustic femininity.

Mace had a happy inspiration. "Say, look hyer, let Mr. Pusey marry us rig't now—we hain't goin' to git to Garyville in this thing," he pleaded.

"Yes, we are," Hubbard returned, staring intently down, his hand on the valve rope. "By George! I wouldn't have believed it! We've struck a current that's going to carry us right smack over the fair grounds."

It was true; the race track, crowd, booths and stalls, were almost directly below them, and lay in their line of advance. Hubbard began to descend.

The shouting of the crowd could now be heard, the crowd itself was visible, and disentangled itself into individuals, like ants running about an ant heap.

Hester clung in silence to her lover's arm. She was dressed in all the finery a mountain belle could command, for she had expected to go to the celebration at Garyville—indeed, she was going to it now, and to her own wedding as well. "You reckon Fain's down there?" she inquired finally, looking at the ant hill and the ants. It was very difficult to be afraid of a brother at such long range, and when your uninterrupted view was permitted to reduce him to such contemptible dimensions.

The balloon, however, was now so much lower that people began to look like people, though strangely foreshortened and distorted. Hester, Mace and Brother Pusey gazed fascinated, and no wonder; for, from this height, a man directly below presented himself as a hat moving along upon the ground, from which were thrust a pair of feet, and beside which two short arms waggled.

Hubbard undid a package of hand bills, and all four joined in throwing them out. The aeronaut, knowing nothing of mountain people and mountain ways, failed to appreciate the danger in which not only his passengers, but his beloved balloon might be from Bushares' rifle. The Reverend Zeb, however, touched his sleeve, cautioning, "Better not git down too close. Fain Bushares is a good shot; but the way this here thing wobbles, he's mighty apt to miss Mace an' hit you or me."

"How far will a rifle ball carry?" Hubbard inquired in some alarm.

"I sh'd think he mought hit a man at 600 or 800 yards; but this old balloon is a fa'r mark—looks like he mought hit it's far's c'd see it. That ol' Winchester o' his'n 'll kerry a plump mile."

"I don't want the Bird o' Paradise shot into, of course," Hubbard said, "but a rifle ball wouldn't make hole enough to do us much damage. I'll keep 300 or 400 feet above the crowd; but I ort to get where I can holler to 'em, and tell 'em that the marryin' is goin' on. I'll go down close first—won't do any harm till the man recognizes you folks—maybe he ain't there anyhow."

They could hear the popping of firecrackers now, the band playing away for dear life, and the hoarse, delighted shouts of the people below them. As the last handbill went over the edge of the car Hubbard took out the big tin horn of the spieler.

"The wedding is now taking place,' he roared, "1,000 feet in a-a-air!" This latter was simply a rhetorical flourish, but it pleased the crowd, which roared again.

"Join your right hands," Hubbard prompted irritably, turning from his horn. "Stand up before the preacher and join your right hands."

Nothing loath, the young people did so. During the arrangement of the wedding scene the balloon had descended perilously close to the settlement. Suddenly the bride—it is always the woman who has her wits about her at such times—saw a man run a little away from those about him, pick up a rifle and bring it to his shoulder. "It's Fain," she cried. "He's saw us and knows us. Oh, please, Mr. Balloon man, make it go up quick."

The frightened Hubbard heaved overboard most of his sand; and so close was he above the heads of the gaping crowd that the sand descended upon them in a cloud. The balloon shot upward, leaving a choking, sputtering group below—and it was nearly 'a thousand feet in air' that Mace Tallent and Hester Bushares were married.

They could see other atomies run to Fain and disarm him; before they got too far away they could even hear the laughter with which this unexpected turn was received.

Hubbard radiated satisfaction. "I'll bet that's the most successful ascent I ever made," he remarked. "I never seen a crowd so tickled."

"You could drap us wherever you choose now," the happy bridegroom suggested. "The boys has got a-hold of Fain, an' we're all right."

"I reckon," mused the Reverend Pusey, whose good humor was quite restored, "that these young friends o' yourn will be wantin' you to change the name o' your balloon from the Bird o' Paradise to the Gyardeen Angel."

And four people, 'one thousand feet in air,' laughed together as they settled gracefully toward Polk's Station and the railway which was to carry Mace and Hester Tallent to safety, and indirectly to the little waiting cabin on the mountain side.

"Honey," whispered Mace, as he surreptitiously possessed himself of Hester's hand, "we had the biggest crowd to our weddin' ever saw at ary weddin' in all the Little Turkey Track neighborhood."

Hester smiled, and seeing preacher and aeronaut absorbed in some matter they were discussing, shyly nestled her cheek against her husband's arm. The contrast between the state of things at this moment and that prevailing at ten o'clock that morning was a pleasing one.

"And when chariots descend out o' Heaven—bringin' preacher and all—to tote us up to be wed in the middle o' the sky," concluded Mace, "looks like we must be purty consid'able somepin o' folks."—National Magazine.

Promising the Impossible.

Miss Somewhat—That fortune teller said he could give me the power to make all men fall in love with me the moment they see me. What do you think of that?

Miss Cutter—Well, if he said that I think he's a big fake.—Baltimore American.

NEW YORK NAVY YARD.

Where Many Great Warships and Historic Craft Have Been Built and Launched.

It was at the New York navy yard that the first steam warship ever constructed by any nation was built and launched. She was the old frigate Fulton, a 30-gun vessel of about 2,000 tons, built in 1815 after plans drawn by Robert Fulton. But her armament was not limited to guns, for she was fitted to throw hot water as well as hot shot upon her enemy. She made her trial trip under Capt. David Porter, father of the late Admiral David D. Porter, and she was destroyed by the explosion of her magazines at the navy yard in 1828. In addition to the destruction of the ship one officer and 47 of her crew were killed.

The next vessel constructed there was the 74 gun frigate Ohio, modeled by Henry Eckford, a prominent naval architect and shipbuilder in his day. She was launched in 1820 and after a long period of active service she became the receiving ship at the Boston navy yard, where she remained until a few years ago, and was succeeded by the Wabash.

The Savannah was the next vessel constructed at the New York yard and she was followed by the brig Somers, which became notorious on account of the hanging from her yardarm of Midshipman Spencer and two of her crew for mutiny. Other vessels were built there during the civil war, some being laid down but not finished before the war was closed, one of them being the New York, which was afterward broken up and thrown on the scrap heap. Then came the battleship Maine, which vessel was sunk by a mine explosion in the harbor of Havana on February 15, 1898, which resulted in the war with Spain. Another vessel built here was the gunboat Cincinnati, which has received new machinery and boilers and had much other work done, thus practically making her a new ship. She was recently ordered to the European squadron.

Much historic interest is attached to the old gate at York street, which was used as the entrance to the navy yard until the Sands street gate was finished a few years ago. The timbers with which the York street gate was constructed were at first used in building the mansion which stands on the elevation at the west side of the navy yard and which has been the home of every commandant since the time of Capt. Isaac Chauncey, in 1806. At the time of the partial destruction of this building in 1811 some of the scorched live oak timbers were removed and, after lying around the yard for a dozen years, were utilized for building the big fence which ran round the government property near the foot of Sands street. When the fence was removed many of the old timbers were used in the construction of the gate at York street.

SALT FROM ENGLAND.

It Is Shipped Over Here in Bags and Goes Back in Packed Meat.

One thousand sacks of English salt passed through the custom office in Kansas City one day lately, of a fine quality used in packing meats for export, and comes from Liverpool.

A peculiar thing about this same salt is that it must travel back to Liverpool again, though in a different form, reports the Star, of that city. Here it is used in packing meat which will ultimately find its way to John Bull's breakfast table. John Bull believes in reciprocity, as proved by the salt received to-day. He uses our meat only on condition that we use his salt in packing it. This arrangement suits Kansas City packers, and causes them little inconvenience.

When the salt is received they pay a duty of 12 cents per hundred pounds. When it is returned with beef and pork an export duty of the same amount is charged. Uncle Sam collects one per cent. for handling these products through the customs office. The exporter and consignee get together and are not, in the end, out very much.

Tons of salt are received in Kansas City for use in the packing houses in the west bottoms. It comes in sacks weighing about 225 pounds each. It is mined in the south of England, and it is a much finer quality, say the packers, than they could possibly secure in this country. So the arrangement suits both parties to the contract and salt comes over in sacks and returns in packed meats.

Negro Barber's Good Word.

A good story is told of an old negro barber in a North Carolina town who was given to saying pleasant things. Whenever a customer came in he invariably had some flattering remark to make about his general appearance, but finally he had a call from a notoriously ugly man about whom even this old flatterer could say nothing good. But the customer came regularly to the shop, the old negro learned to like him, and finally he determined to make a pleasant remark, whether or not, and this is the way he put it. Said he: "Boss, when you fust come into dis shop I thought you was one o' the homeliest gentmen I ever seed. But sense I has been shavin' you I must you you holds your own pow'ful well."—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

Water Requirements of Animals.

Investigations made at the zoological gardens in Berlin give an interesting idea of the comparative water requirements of animals. The record showed that the giraffe, whom nature has equipped to enjoy a drink, is less of a drinker than the donkey. The daily summary puts the elephant at the head of the list, as was to be expected, with the rhinoceros as an unhandsome but earnest second.—Youth's Companion.

Marrying for Money.

"I married for lub de fust time," said Ebenezer Snow, "but dis time I marries for money, an' don't you forget it."

"Your bride-elect has cash, has she?"

"Yes, suh. Dat girl has no less dan $34.78 in de savin's bank, for she showed me de book."—Detroit Free Press.

Lavender for Boat Trips.

A small bottle of oil of lavender is as grateful to the stateroom "shut-in" as to the home invalid. It's still more so when one has a seasick roommate. A few drops in a little hot water freshens the atmosphere deliciously.

WON BY A BLACK LOOK.

Defendant in Murder Case Freed by the Ingenuity of the Late Cassius M. Clay.

The late Gen. Cassius M. Clay was a lawyer of great adroitness in his earlier days and conducted many important cases, both civil and criminal, during his career at the bar, says a southern exchange.

A man was once being tried for murder and his case looked hopeless, indeed. He had, without any seeming provocation, murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister.

The man, as a last extremity, appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Everyone thought that Clay would certainly refuse. But when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his fighting blood was aroused and, to the great surprise of all, he accepted.

Then came a trial the like of which has seldom been seen. Clay slowly carried on the case, and it looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defense the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a fierce, murderous look that out of self-defense he had struck first. A ripple passed through the jury at this evidence.

The time came for Clay to make his defense. It was settled in the minds of the spectators that the man was guilty of murder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded and laid all the proof before them in a masterly way. Then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, assuming the fiercest, blackest look and carrying the most undying hatred in it ever seen—"gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this, what would you do?"

That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled and some even quailed in their seats. The judge moved uneasily in his bench. After about 15 minutes the jury filed slowly back with a "Not guilty, your honor." The victory was complete.

When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory he said: "It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practicing that look."

DIGESTION OF THE CAT.

From It May Be Drawn Some Valuable Suggestions for the Human Race.

For some time past a professor in Harvard university has been studying the process of digestion as revealed by the Roentgen ray sent through the stomach of divers and sundry cats. The results are instructive, remarks the Chicago Chronicle.

There are several cats employed in the experiments, but only one at a time and mostly of the gentler sex, as the Thomases were obstinate patients with irregular digestive processes. The subject was kept hungry for ten hours and then so well fed that after a preliminary toilet it stretched out comfortably to sleep. In that position it was strapped between the lens and the screen of the apparatus, so that the X-ray threw the shadow of its stomach on the luminous screen. A little bismuth was mixed with the bread and milk of the cat's food to darken the shadow.

The food lay at first in the upper and larger part of the pear-shaped stomach. Then a series of wavelike motions began from the center of the stomach and was continued with clocklike regularity, the shadows of the food passing from the reservoir at the top to the passage into the intestines at the bottom, at ten second intervals.

Two important facts were observed, and to these attention is particularly called. For regularity of the digestive process a condition of calm content was necessary. The moment pussy became provoked at anything the wavelike motions ceased and were only resumed when she regained placidity of temper. That is why Thomas cats proved unsatisfactory subjects. They lost their temper too often and the churn in the lower half of the stomach quit work. It was also found that when a hard pellet had been waved or to the outlet of the stomach it was returned to be worked over again, this process continuing until it had been so dissolved by the gastric juice that it scarcely cast a shadow.

These, therefore, are the two lessons of the cat's stomach to man at table and after. Thoroughly masticate your food that the churning process may not be prolonged beyond the proper time. Refrain from anger or worry after meals until the food is completely digested.

New York Asleep.

New York is never entirely asleep, but possibly 3,000,000 of her inhabitants doze part of the night. We roar ourselves to sleep. The process is very gradual. Early infancy and senile old age retire with the chickens. The gay throng of youth and middle age makes a hot pace till midnight, then slowly the pulse begins to grow feeble. By one nearly all honest folk are in bed, leaving the city to rounders. Cars run at long intervals. Now and then a carriage gives a flutter. Imagine 3,000,000 persons lying on the "dead level" for six or seven hours, some on pillows of down, some on curbstones, some beneath the star-spangled blue quilt of heaven. Queer figures they make, to be sure.—N. Y. Press.

He Got It.

The Bachelor—I hear you were married last week?

The Benedict—Yes, I simply got tired of living alone and married for sympathy.

"Well, you certainly have mine."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Note This.

James Broome, of Toronto, who calls himself a philosopher, has been lecturing in Boston, and declares that the earth is flat. He predicts that ere long the city of Boston will be completely destroyed by fire because of its refusal to accept his philosophy.

Would Need a Nurse.

"I'll ask your father for your hand to-morrow night."

"Oh, won't that be lovely! Then I can be your nurse and we will get married, just like they always do in the romances!"—Indianapolis Sun.

THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

Find the Archer's Companion.

An Ant, going to a river to drink, fell in, and was carried along in the stream.

A Dove, observing the accident, and pitying her condition, threw into the river a small bough, which she hastily plucked from a friendly tree growing by the brink of the stream, and by means of which the Ant gained the shore.

The Ant, upon another occasion, seeing a hunter with his fowling piece aiming at the Dove, who had rendered her such timely service, stung the man in the foot sharply, and made him miss his aim, and so saved the Dove's life.

MORAL—One good turn deserves another, and gratitude is excited by so noble and natural a spirit, that he ought to be looked upon as the vilest of creatures, who has no sense of it.

COLLEGE BOY HARVESTER.

Blisters His Paws and Receives a Biff from Big-Handed Milkmaid.

One of the college boys who went to the western Kansas harvest fields writes to a friend an account of his experiences, says the Kansas City Journal.

"Well, it isn't what it is cracked up to be, and Harold would have confessed himself all in and come home to mamma inside of two days after starting if he hadn't been worse afraid of the joshing of you fellows than of the blistered paws. Speaking of blistered paws, it's no joke. Before night the first day I had puffs all over my hands, and that night the fat dame of the household stuck needles into 'em, and tapped me until I ran water like a hydrant. But the old boy was good to me, and for two days he kept me choring around, hauling water, helping the fat dame cook and playing the baby generally. Then I tacked the header boxes again for ten days straight and I really got to liking it. But say, Willie, don't you believe that story about a shortage in the world's bread crop. I know better, for I pitched enough of the blamed stuff to make two crops of world's breadstuff.

"And, Willie, there's another thing you can disabuse your festering intellect of. You can't spoon with these country girls with the joyous freedom that you read about. We have a roly-poly girl here who doesn't wear corsets and who don't care how much sock she displays when she kicks at the cat. I kissed her the other night. I won't do it any more. If I want exercise of a rapid kind I will go out and ground an electric light wire through my handsome person. She whacked me on the side of the head with a fist like a ham, and don't you doubt it, Willie, she meant every word of it.

"I get $2 a day and 'found.' 'Found' means that the old man comes to your downy couch at three o'clock in the morning and, finding you asleep, whoops you out to feed the horses. By the time the horses are fed we are called to breakfast. Did you ever eat pie at breakfast? Well, we have pie for breakfast every other morninfg. It sems to be the idea out here if you have pie you can't complain at any other indignity. And every pie we have had so far is made out of raisins. Now don't get it into your head that raisins won't make good pie. They do.

"After breakfast we hie us away to the field and cut wheat until the fat dame waves a tablecloth out of the window to tell us that dinner is ready. Then we eat and go out and cut more wheat, and the old boy keeps us at it until it gets too dark to see. But, Willie, the way you can sleep after you have had a day like that! You can go dead—that's all about it.

"I figure that I will get home with about $30 to the clear. The old boy says that he will give me $25 a month to stay and plow, and a thrasher man offers $1.50 a day and 'found' if I will work for him. But $30 is capital enough for Harold. I am not grasping or sordid.

"(P. S.—I had a heart-to-heart talk with the roly-poly girl last evening. She said I ought to be ashamed of myself for kissing her in the house where the fat dame might see. If it wasn't for school taking up I believe I'd tackle that job of plowing.)"

Single Eyeglasses Hurtful.

The single eyeglass is injurious. It throws all the work on one eye. It destroys the harmony of the optic muscles and nerves. A certain Englishman has worn, for a myopic affection, a monocle in his left eye for 12 years. The left eye is all right, but with the other the man can see practically nothing. Joseph Chamberlain wears his monocle in either eye, alternately, and his son does the same thing. The habit of the monocle continues to live among the English swells.—Philadelphia Record.

Small Receipts.

There are custom houses whose receipts do not pay for their maintenance and there are foreign consulates which don't pay either. The town of Monrovia in Liberia yielded Uncle Sam in fees last year $15. There was $15 from Tamatave in Madagascar and from Pretoria one dollar collect. From the Island of Jersey $10 was received; from Teheran, Persia, $10; from Cayenne, $45, and from Bastia, in Corsica, $12.

Weight of Cigars.

The cigars smoked in England weigh on an average 17 2-10 pound per 1,000.

BASEBALL FOR CONVICTS.

The Game Is Found to Improve the Conduct of Prisoners in Massachusetts.

In the Massachusetts state prison at Charleston Warden Bridges has introduced ball playing as a means of discipline among the convicts and is much gratified with the results, says a recent report.

Not only has the game given the prisoners relaxation from cell life and the workshop, but it has afforded a diversion for their minds, a breath of fresh air and a look at the blue heavens above. And not the least result of all is the improvement in the discipline. No unruly prisoner can participate in the game and many a man naturally fractious has been "good" just for the chance to go out in the prison yard and play a game of baseball.

Next to a pardon or an expiration of sentence, permission to play ball or see a ball game is the greatest boon that can be conferred upon any prisoner. To be deprived of the privilege of being a player or spectator is the greatest punishment a prisoner can receive. He had much rather go into "solitary" than lose a game of ball.

The inmates have two nines, called this year the Resolutes and the Hustlers, and they play every fair weather Saturday from May to October. Every player is a prisoner, and the umpires are likewise inmates. The league rules are followed strictly and the umpire is obeyed. In fact, the absence of "kicking" among the Charleston prisoners shows them in an enviable light in comparison with some of the players seen on the league grounds. The two teams play for championship honors, and every game is "written up" for the prison paper, the Mentor.

Ground rules naturally prevail, owing to the smallness of the prison yard, but there is room enough for 200 spectators, all prisoners. Some have seats and others who stand are called "the bleachers." The games are played with just as much zeal, earnestness, enthusiasm and cheers as any professional game, and some of the playing is really professional in its quality. In fact, one of the leading pitchers is an old Boston league pitcher.

The experiment has proved so successful that Gen. Bridges will maintain it. This is one of the many sensible things that he has introduced into prison life, and he deserves credit for it. Gen. Bridges' work at Charlestown is attracting attention beyond this state, and it is practical, sensible innovations such as this which make him an ideal man for such a place.

Fathful Moro Husband.

In a village on the island of Siminoi, just south of Bongoa, lives an old Moro who so loved his wife, and, strange to say, in this polygamous community, his only wife, that, when she died, he watched her grave long beyond the appointed time, after which he had his house built over her burial place, and there lives to this day, still faithful to the moldering bones beneath him. Surely a proof that great love sometimes stirs even savage breasts, happening in a country where polygamy is not only recognized, but encouraged, and where women are bought and sold by the pound. Considering the environment, such love is on a par with the idyllic attachments of history and fiction.—From Tales of Tawi Tawi, in Everybody's Magazine.

The Discourager.

Jack—I wonder what there is about this time of year to always make a fellow feel as though he wanted to get married.

Jim—I don't know. But I've a sure cure for that matrimonial feeling.

"Tell it to me, if you want to save a fellow mortal."

"Go out and watch a man pushing a baby carriage."—N. Y. Times.

Why He Quit.

Hal—What, you've stopped calling on the girl with the plaid waist?

Tom—Yes, it's all over there.

"Why? Father object?"

"Bless you, no! And I had nerve enough to dodge all her hints about popping the question also, but the last time I called she had the sign "Do it now" stuck on the center table. That floored me, and I've quit."—N. Y. Times.

Killed by British Railways.

British railways killed 539 out of their 575,834 employes in the course of last year, and injured 14,607.